The

COMMONWEAL

A Weekly Review of Literature the Arts and Public Affairs

FOUNDED BY MICHAEL WILLIAMS

Editors:

PHILIP BURNHAM EDWARD SKILLIN, JR.

HARRY LORIN BINSSE, *Managing Editor*

MICHAEL WILLIAMS, *Special Editor*

JAMES F. FALLON, *Advertising Manager*

VOLUME XXXI *October 27, 1939* NUMBER 1

CONTENTS

THE WEEK 1

PRISONS AND PENANCE *H. A. Reinhold* 4

BULGARIA AND THE BALKANS *Joseph F. Thorning* 6

AN INTERVIEW IN LWOW *Catherine de Hueck* 9

VIEWS AND REVIEWS *Michael Williams* 11

COMMUNICATIONS 12

POINTS AND LINES: *Latin America and U. S.* 13

THE STAGE *Grenville Vernon* 14

THE SCREEN *Philip T. Hartung* 14

FAITH IN THE COMMON MAN *Most Reverend Aloisius Muench* 15

MORE BOOKS OF THE WEEK 15

THE INNER FORUM 20

THE COMMONWEAL is indexed in the *Reader's Guide, Catholic Periodical Index* and *Catholic Bookman.*

Commonweal Publishing Co., Inc., 386 Fourth Avenue, New York. Annual Subscriptions: U. S. and Canada, $5.00; Foreign, $6.00.

An Inquiry into War and Peace

ALL THE countries at war, and the neutral states likewise, assert that their policy is that of the government and the people—together, identical, identified: that no distinction between what the people want and what the government wants is valid. How true Doctor Gallup would find this to be, we do not know, but it is not a useful assertion anyway. In each of the nations most concerned, belligerent and neutral, "the government," or the dominant class, actually possesses the authority and sets the national policy to the decisive extent those policies are free from necessity. At times of crisis the public authority is wielded by a very small group indeed, whose power is delegated to it by the ordinary ruling class. As plain citizens we feel at the present moment very, very far away from the active, decision-making authority of the United States, or England, or Germany, France, Russia, Poland, Italy, or any of the others. The secrecy of all our masters is unpleasantly opaque. We believe the rulers of the nations are going through a lot of maneuvers we know nothing about. We think they know a good deal about things which we don't. We certainly do not know what they know. We don't like it.

R.S.V.P.

Castor Oil at Work

On what basis are war and peace being determined? We would like to ask the rulers any number of questions. If they couldn't answer the questions, that fact in itself would be valuable information to troubled but ignorant citizens. We certainly don't want to support a war if many of the key questions are unanswerable, even by the mighty. How close are the Reich and Soviet governments? For the sake of keeping Russia passive, England and France seem to assume not very; but for purposes of whipping up the war spirit they seem to try to amalgamate the enemies of both. In connection with any war there is always the double question: The rulers want peace, but they want *x* more than peace. The rulers don't want war, but if war can accomplish *x*, they will take it. Now what in the world is *x*? The dissolution of the Nazi party? The partitioning of the British Empire; the French Empire; the German Reich? The reestablishment of Poland? The formation of a federalized Europe? The preservation of finance capitalism? The overthrowing of same? The security of freedom for the individual to exercise various liberal rights? Which ones? The annihilation of Jews; of Communists, of Christians? The preservation of Christianity? The imposition of Christianity by force of arms? . . . The line of *x's* here could lengthen to infinity minus one, but convincing answers to any half dozen of them might slow up their spontaneous and disagreeable production.

Who's Afraid?

"THE DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE has been asked by Representative Dies to begin a purge of known Communists, nearly 3,000 in number, in key-positions in the government. . . . The country may well ask why the government has insisted upon keeping them in office but it should now demand that all be dismissed immediately, along with the officials who appointed them." . . . This month representatives of the American Legion "advocated the registration and fingerprinting of all aliens, outlawing of the German-American Bund and the Communist Party." . . . At a panel meeting of the National Conference on Civil Liberties a speaker called attention to "subversive" activities, under Catholic auspices and a Bishop's patronage, toward the establishment of a "corporative" state in the US. . . . The ALP has read out the Reds,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with objection taken by M. Quill. . . . Lewis has warned his subordinates that if anywhere he found Communist influence working at CIO policies, the persons involved would be ousted. . . .

A few months ago, there were party members or fellow travelers in almost every liberal movement going, and they were generally welcome. Now the mat has been pulled in and the door closed, and the householders want to get the police to put all the "Reds" into the hoosegow. Obviously there is a certain (arguable) lack of logic in employing in government service persons who are members of a party whose eventual object is the overthrow of the government. Obviously also it is a trifle anomalous for one political party to have as leaders men whose whole "line" is that of another party. Yet it is always a dangerous thing to initiate a general purge. We have in honesty to admit that the Communist Party has advocated, as part of its line, things that many good citizens have and should advocate — better wages and working conditions; slum clearance; adequate relief for the unemployed.

There is a second aspect to the matter. Supposing all Communists and Bundists were pushed back into the Communist Party and the Bund, where they logically belong, should these organizations themselves be outlawed? Should Communists be purged from such non-political organizations as labor unions? Can freedom of speech include those who speak against it? There are two principal arguments against suppression as a weapon in a society so ideologically diversified as ours. The first is that this weapon cuts two ways. For some people, for example, the Catholic Church is an international conspiracy, just as much as Communism and Nazism. Secondly, there is the matter of driving opposition underground, where it festers and grows more dangerous than when it is on the surface for all to see. Léon Blum has made that point; leaders in Fascist and Communist countries have had to reckon with it. What, then, are we to do to protect ourselves against the people Congressman Dies wants to suppress? There is only one answer. We must work harder than they do.

Adolescent News Broadcasts Again

ATTENTION is turned once more to the radio as a public informant by the New York conference of the Women's National Radio Committee, which has been speaking plainly on broadcasting needs and deficiencies. This is the second time since the start of the European crisis that the radio news has been publicly criticized. On the first occasion, the major broadcasting companies themselves came forward with a generous recognition of the truth of many of the complaints and a promising program of reform. It has had a considerable effect, undoubtedly, but the plain truth of the matter seems to be that the difficulties inherent in the situation cannot be dealt with by one or two admirable resolutions. The radio is the world's youngest news medium, and simply has not had time to feel out to their full extent the meaning and the ethic of its relation to the public. What took the newspapers generations to do cannot be accomplished overnight, especially under the much greater difficulties inherent in the very operation of radio—its special personal technique, and the almost incomputable vastness of its audience. And now that a major war has thrust its special problems into the acute one of radio adolescence, it is evident that lapses and uncertainties of policy are inevitable. There is no remedy but to keep on trying to improve—to cut out "hysterical and unsubstantiated broadcasts," and to stop overeditorializing the news, as the Women's National Radio Committee have commendably suggested — no matter how much it hurts. Radio must have the motive of self-interest in doing this as well as the motive of public service; it is under rather close government supervision, and probably will not be allowed to blunder indefinitely.

Youngest News Medium

Success of Surplus Food Distribution Projects

FIVE MONTHS of experiment in five widely separated American communities is hardly sufficient to yield conclusive proof that the food stamp plan should be adopted on a national scale. But the data gleaned from Birmingham, Dayton, Rochester, Seattle and Shawnee points in that direction. A certain specified portion of each family's expenditures is required for orange stamps good for food of any kind (but not for liquor or tobacco) at almost any grocer's. Orange stamps entitle the customer to blue stamps worth up to 50 percent of orange stamp purchases. It is these blue stamps that are exchanged for whatever surplus commodities are available at the time. The detailed statistics show that fresh fruits and vegetables account for over 30 percent of blue stamp purchases, with eggs 24.7 percent and butter 23.4 percent. This obviously means a more healthful menu. The proportion of families participating has been increasing. Grocers generally report a sizable increase in business beyond the blue stamp purchases. So much so that the extension of this plan was the principal topic of interest at the meeting of the National Association of Food Chains. The farmers naturally like it too. There is enough practical experience already accumulated to warrant considerable extension of the experiment by the administration. Such a device appears able to bring needy consumer and overstocked producer together. Where crop curtailment is a last resort with many unhappy consequences, increased consumption like this is

Orange Stamps and Blue

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

well worth the apparently moderate expenditure involved.

A Human Attitude Toward Jobs

THE REASON that it is so hard for anyone to get a job these days is that there are not nearly enough jobs to go round. Nevertheless failure to secure employment is particularly bitter when due to discrimination against a whole class — a race, religion or age group. Bitterest of all is the lot of the man who is told that he is too old to be hired. Therefore the success of the over-40 groups organized to secure jobs in industry is one of the most heartening developments of recent months. A signal instance is Rochester, N. Y., where 36 enterprises employing 35,000 men after considerable study have adopted a policy of maintaining the proportion between older and younger workers characteristic of working age groups in the locality. They believe the Rochester formula is applicable nationally. Then there is the young graduate who never lands a job because he has had no experience. Another bitter pill. One remedy is prescribed by the Graduate Center of New York, which for $100 gives a two-weeks course in speech, posture, office technique and occupational adjustment to young ladies with A.B. degrees. This leads to two-months business internship without pay with some large corporation. So far 60 percent of the interns have stayed on with the firm at well-paying jobs, 85 percent in all have secured permanent placements. Money well spent and a good record, it would seem. But does the descent from windy academic generalities to the stolidity of the steel filing cabinet really require all these preliminaries?

Too Old or Too Callow

More Growing Pains in the Auto Industry

THE CURRENT auto shows launch the new automobile year in the midst of optimism. But in spite of new orders, the most important unfinished business in the industry is labor relations. Never before have the unions been strongly organized during a period of rising production, and it is during rising business that unions make their greatest gains. The AFL union is still making its demands upon the employers, but the CIO United Automobile Workers have received 80 percent of the votes in recent contests at Packard, Motor Products, Briggs and Chrysler, and, with their "slow-down," have indicated a willingness to come to an issue with the great Chrysler company. Next spring it is expected to be General Motors. An article in *Barron's* gives the big demands as: (1) General wage increase, (2) Vacations with pay, (3) Union shop, (4) Establishment of production standards by joint consent of union and company officials.

Labor and Production

Most interesting demand appears to be the fourth, and the stiffest quarrel is expected to revolve around it. It asks for a change in business methods potentially greater than any the unions have yet fought for. It is a real share in operating management, the conduct of the assembly line, the practical and immediate governing of the factories. If the struggle grows more acute, the things that will be said are easy to imagine. Communism! Soviets in the factories! Death of the American system! But couldn't this change also progress towards a just and rational vocational groups system? Wouldn't the men in the assembly lines and their own chosen leaders achieve more of their just dignity and more responsibility and a broader interest if they had more share in the management of their own labors? There is certainly no reason to assume they would simply fight efficiency and hard work. Economic as well as poltical government cannot be peaceful and progressive unless there is a large measure of understanding and consent among the governed.

In Praise of Taxi Drivers

WHATEVER legal malfeasance it may constitute to disagree with a magistrate—whether single or double jeopardy, lese-majesty or misprision of treason—we are moved by mere justice to essay a lance against Magistrate Frank Oliver. If reports in the papers can be trusted, he has asserted that New York taxicab men are "lousy drivers." The magistrate did not, it is true, venture this generalization out of the blue, but had before him at the time of its making a taxi driver accused of executing a U turn in Times Square and of telling off a traffic officer who reproved him therefor with the instrumentality of a summons. So far as our own observations instruct us, the first half of the charge is probably true, but the second half substantially unlikely. We have yet to see a taxi driver who would not make a U turn if he got the chance (though the point is that he would make it skilfully); whereas we have often heard drivers being harried by policemen, and have never heard one harry back. But to the argument. As a seasoned and enthusiastic taker of taxicabs, we wish to affirm and depose that New York's taxi drivers are the best drivers we know. They have intuitions in their fingertips and eyes not only in the backs of their heads but also in the backs of their cabs. Produce a coin smaller than a dime—they will turn on it with ease. In the shortest average ride, they will save your life two or three times from private motorists who are either unable to drive or sound asleep. And (though this is probably not strictly in order) they will sing you songs going through the park, or even take a friendly and warming interest in general backseat conversation.

We Are for Them

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Prisons and Penance

A radical solution for the ever-present problem of dealing with criminals

By **H. A. Reinhold**

I HAVE OFTEN wondered how a man feels when he enters Sing Sing or Alcatraz, Devil's Island or a German or Russian concentration camp. I remember what despair used to cloud our minds in the great War, when we, as soldiers, sat in our trenches day after day and year after year, with no hope that the madness which kept us locked up by terror would ever end. And yet we were free men, supposedly fighting for a noble cause.

Belbenoit's hideously realistic description of his years in the French penal colony brought these thoughts back to me. Belbenoit is a Frenchman, *ergo* in the Catholic tradition. But you hardly find an allusion in his book to the idea that there was any religious, consoling aspect to his heroic struggle for freedom, nor does there seem to have been any provision for religious "comfort" in that dread place of cruelty, vice and despair.

I have also read several descriptions and heard hair-raising stories of concentration camps like Dachau, Esterwegen and Solovki. A Jew who was an eye-witness vividly described to me the moral indignities and cruelties which Father Spieker, S.J., had to undergo for about two endless years in a Nazi concentration camp. He told me what a comfort this stubbornly Christian confessor was to his Jewish, Catholic, communist and socialist fellow sufferers. But no German bishop succeeded in establishing chaplaincies for these outlawed and defenseless victims of modern totalitarian *raison d' état*.

A young lawyer back in 1923 in a small German town once told me that he had charge of censoring the outgoing mail of one of the neighboring penitentiaries. He told me he was struck by the almost mystical atmosphere of these letters. Many of these men and women withstood despair and upheld their natural belief in life as a reasonable continuity of events only on the grounds of a vivid faith. And yet when these people left the protecting walls of their penitentiaries, many of them went back to their old criminal routine, because they just could not walk alone and without severe discipline.

Year after year I have been pondering on these problems. An occasional glimpse at the inside of a penitentiary as a priest, an occasional talk with a released convict and some flashy shot in a gangster movie has brought this problem back to me—the last time in 1937, when I tried to help a German sailor to get out of the Tombs and later, Riker's Island. The man wrote asking me to desist, because he knew he was a hopeless drug addict, thanks to the kindness of a nurse in Panama who first initiated him. What has become of him, I don't know. Dorothy Day has tried to help him, but he was so hopelessly desperate than even the unselfish charity of St. Joseph's House in Mott Street could not put him back on his moral legs.

I began to wonder whether we have the right attitude towards these people; I mean not only a Christian attitude, but a realistic one. We don't subscribe to those weak-minded modern ideologies which try to deal with crime as purely a mental disease of irresponsible social morons. Nor do we admit that the *whole* responsibility rests with society, economic conditions and faulty education, although I think we have learned a great deal about the importance of these factors during the last fifty years. I personally find it hard to share the democratic optimism of some wardens who make their penitentiaries something like a college, expecting almost everything from better intellectual and social education. I am afraid that we have to make a great deal more allowance for original sin and its vitiating consequence on our lapsed nature than modern humanitarian optimists admit. But if greater leniency in our prisons, a wise re-education and regard for the personal dignity of a law-breaker can build more valuable members of our spiritual and national communities, so much the better. What Christian and what priest would not rejoice in the social redemption of one single man? It is worth while trying, anyhow.

The state of prisons

Mr. Frank Murphy recently came back from Alcatraz and made some strong critical statements about the place. He objected to its physical aspect and the consequences on the psyche of its inmates. The Attorney General has been the target of some good natured fun from liberal papers, because he is "such a pious" Catholic. His purging activities have been suspected as Democratic competition for the Republican house

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cleaning in New York by Mr. Dewey. However this may be, I think this is a good occasion for us Catholic Christians to ask ourselves if we have any suggestions to offer in the line of a principally and essentially Christian solution for the prison problem. Is there perhaps a suggestion in the fact that the word "penitentiary" and "penance" are very closely related? Should there not be also a relationship of ideas?

At present I am not talking about American prisons of which I have only a very vague idea. What I have in mind now are the prisons of Europe. Not that I am an expert even on them. I know about them what the average priest knows who has not been a prison chaplain. I have also to confess that I am at sea about the history of such institutions and that I don't know what the predominantly Catholic areas and countries have done to pervade their punitive institutions with a Christian spirit. Here I don't mean that "kindness to animals" spirit which is a human minimum and tries to spare the unfortunate man or woman unnecessary cruelties. That would be a negative feature as against a positively Christian idea of a house of "penance."

What have we done up to 1939 years after our Lord's birth to give a Christian meaning to life in our penitentiaries?

We have accepted as a natural "dogma" that the state which administers justice and deals out sentences has also to carry out the punishments it decrees. An offender against law and therewith against society is judged and punished by society. And what about the Church, Christianity? Oh, we do all we can do to alleviate the sad fate of our unfortunate brethren: we have zealous chaplains who attend to their duties day and night and who are available for every individual prisoner. We have societies which are keenly interested in the prisoner; they send him books, tobacco, they pray for him and visit him; they look after his unfortunate wife, children, mother and bride; they entertain him through shows, concerts, movies and literature, some of them even try the almost impossible thing —to find him a job after he has been released. Nobody can say that we don't practice the spiritual and corporal works of mercy with regard to such hapless fellowmen. I say "we" collectively, but I am quite convinced that some non-Catholic organizations, at least in my home country, did more than I and you and the rest of "us." I must also say a special word in praise of our chaplains who give their whole lives to help these men and women spiritually and corporally. I know that thousands of men owe them all they are and have now. They have not only very often stopped the merciless wheels of justice for mercy's sake, but they have helped to build new existences and to make a life of failure "a sacrifice of incense in the eyes of God."

But is Christianity's meaning exhausted if we dress wounds, patch rags together and build reenforcements for collapsing structures? Even if we are able to give a new meaning or a new start to individuals here and there and everywhere—is that all? Should we not think of the vast army of "criminals" as a whole, since there seems to be no hope that this branch of our Church will ever disappear? I know that the town jail of Locarno in happy Switzerland has not had inmates for years, but even there once in a while somebody is surely caught being an offspring of Adam and Eve.

The "Christian penitentiary"

I am afraid that I have already been beating around the bush too much. I think I'd better now come out with the idea. It is nothing mysterious, nothing great. It's all very simple.

I think by now we Christians must think of something like a "Christian penitentiary" built on the joy of redemption. Joy and happiness should be the motto. How? In the way the Church has always used to bring joy to her people; through the life of the evangelical counsels, practiced in a community and in closest connection with her liturgy.

Prisoners are our brothers and sisters in Christ and redeemed through His blood, and most of them are only publicly known as offending, not essentially different from us. If we could find for them a way of life which would be fully religious we would be able to fill them with infinite joy.

Our Carthusians and Trappists, our poor Clares and Carmelites live a life of extreme mortification and with a forceful liturgical rhythm. I have no doubt that a priest who would be allowed to go around the prisons of a country could enlist enough souls who would be willing to commute their own sentence inflicted on them for social considerations into a self-inflicted penance. I believe too that they would gladly accept a modified rule of the above mentioned orders of penance and submit to a severe novitiate. In exchange they would receive the happiness of true penitents living a life closely interwoven with the splendor and glory of our liturgy. The source of joy of this spiritual community life would be much healthier for those who serve life-long or extensive terms than the movies and plays which evoke only desires in them, which make them rebellious against God, life and society. If one could congregate such a community from all over one country in an adequate institution, they might well follow the example of the medieval monks in the cultivation of soil or a thing which we need so badly: the printing of our holy books at a price which would make them available for the poorest Catholics in dignified editions. Thus life would get a new meaning and men and women who failed in the maze of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

modern civilization might become a success in the simple and orderly ways of a quasi-monastic shelter. We need not fear that we would not find sufficient priestly and religious vocations to "run" such communities of penance. The Sisters of the Good Shepherd have been doing a similar work in a restricted field for many years. A new community of Dominican nuns, founded by Father Lataste, O.P., are doing this work for female prisoners in their houses of Bethany in France.

It is well known that most governments have encouraged the houses of the Good Shepherd. The supposedly anti-clerical government of France has accepted the Bethany nuns with kind understanding. Of course, the policing, the economic and the judiciary control would not be taken away from the government. On the contrary: government control and administration would be welcome to avoid all suspicion. Being a house of penance the humiliation of having judiciary forces always evident would be an integral feature of the whole scheme. That would be the "body."

But the "soul" would be different. Instead of being a boiling kettle of more or less rebellious minds with a grudge against God and society, on the lid of which the luckier part of humanity has put its iron fist of judiciary apparatus to keep it tight, we would have men and women whose social life was a failure, but who now give years or even the whole rest of their lives to the great, positive and holy task of penance. We learn in our cathechisms that the holy souls in Purgatory are happier than we ourselves, in spite of their suffering, because of two things: they are certain of their salvation and they are glad to suffer for the one cause which alone makes suffering a joy, their own sanctification. Why should we deny living men and women what God grants to the deceased? Being baptized they have a right to a truly Christian life, which Peter describes in his first letter: "Be you also as living stones built up, a spiritual house, a holy priesthood, to offer up spiritual sacrifices, acceptable to God by Jesus Christ." Nobody can quote against this Peter's passage warning Christians to live such a life that it might be clear to all outside that their suffering is not as malefactors and thieves, but as followers of Christ. "Respectability," a pseudo-virtue of our civilization, may have a great deal to say against such a scheme. But I think that Cardinal Newman has once for all stripped this pompous word of its attraction in his famous but often misquoted derision of the "gentleman" idea as a life form. The Church has never been too proud to kiss her most unfortunate and embarrassing child in public, and Christ promised a hanging thief Paradise—also in public, and what a public! high priests, pharisees, scribes and respectable citizens.

Bulgaria and the Balkans

How world events have reacted on the narrow Kingdom by the Black Sea

By Joseph F. Thorning

NOWHERE in the Balkans did the fall of Czechoslovakia have more resounding repercussions than in Bulgaria. Just one year ago, in November, 1938, on the anniversary of the Treaty of Neuilly demonstrations in favor of frontier revision were held in all parts of the country. This sentiment was intensified by the events of March, 1939, when Hungary and Poland joined in the scramble for segments of Slovakia and Ruthenia. Italy's seizure of Albania sent another spasm of joy and anxiety throughout the Balkans. Now that the Polish Republic has been ruthlessly partitioned, the South Slavs are torn between hope and fear. The dominant emotion, however, is one of eager expectation of change. The average Bulgarian citizen, little dreaming that he is a nut caught between the Nazi hammer and the Soviet anvil, continues to propound this query: "Why don't we get something?"

Natural as this question must appear to the Bulgars, it is one that rouses instant resentment among all neighboring nations. Rumania refuses to relinquish one iota of her claim on the Southern Dobrudja, a quadrilateral stretch of territory along the Black Sea taken from Bulgaria after the Balkan wars in 1913. This province, relatively unimportant commercially, contains 200,000 Bulgarians. To be sure, it has been rumored that a token adjustment of this frontier figures in the plans of the new Berlin-Moscow axis in order to win the good will of the Bulgarians as well as to counter-balance the Russian claim to the province of Bessarabia in the North. If this proves to be correct, it will evidence a notable change of heart. Not so many years ago, King Carol, in order to show his own people and the world how sacred to Rumania was the soil of the Dobrudja, buried his mother, Queen Marie, in

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the disputed territory. It was a gesture whose import was not lost upon the people of the rival nations.

In the south the Bulgarians believe they have a solid claim to Western Thrace. According to the Treaty of Neuilly Bulgaria was guaranteed an outlet to the Aegean Sea. As things stand she is bottled up on the Black Sea with the Dardanelles in the hands of an erstwhile ally, now a vacillating friend, the rejuvenated Turk. Russia, due to her inflated prestige in eastern Europe, can either bring Bulgaria and Turkey together in a skilfully-camouflaged opposition to Germany, or drive the nations into the paths of rivalry and war.

On the Jugoslav (as well as on the Greek) border there is the constantly-recurring difficulty with reference to Macedonia. Since 1893 one of the most ruthless secret societies of Europe, the IMRO (Internal Macedonian Revolutionary Organization) has maintained headquarters in Bulgaria. Because of the murderous exploits of this gang, the Bulgaro-Jugoslav frontier was almost continuously closed from 1926-1931. Terroristic tactics intimidated prominent Bulgarian politicians and army officers. It was the IMRO which engineered the assassination of the Serb King Alexander at Marseilles in October, 1934.

In the same year, the formation of a Balkan Entente (Jugoslavia, Rumania, Turkey and Greece) was in effect formal notification to the Bulgarian Government that the Internal Macedonian Revolutionary Organization would either have to be liquidated or the sovereignty of Bulgaria herself would be imperiled. The isolation of the smallest and least powerful as well as least populated Balkan State was complete. Bulgarian civil and military authorities then cooperated to inaugurate a virtual dictatorship, one of whose first acts was to dissolve the IMRO and disperse its gangster leaders.

This decision of the Government paved the way for the signature of a pact of perpetual friendship between Bulgaria and Jugoslavia on January 24, 1937. It seemed likely that a new era had been opened in the relationships of the two Slav peoples. To cap the climax, a non-aggression pact between Bulgaria and her four rivals (Jugoslavia, Rumania, Turkey and Greece) was arranged as recently as July 31, 1938. Momentarily, there emerged from clouds of jealousy, rancor, greed and conflict the vision of a comprehensive Balkan union. A miniature league of nations in southeastern Europe was in the making, when the Fuehrer's seven-league boots, echoed by the hoof-beats of Cossack cavalry, resounded in the foothills of the Carpathians!

There is still firm footing for an understanding or even an alliance between Sofia and Belgrade. They stand in the shadow of a common danger: the Nazi-Soviet tidal wave on the North. Racially as well as linguistically, the Bulgarians and Jugoslavs have much in common. Both profess Christianity. Both struggled for centuries against the Turks. National independence for each dates from the war of liberation, a struggle supported by Imperial Russia, in 1878.

Facing the Parliament House in Sofia one finds an equestrian statue of Alexander II, the "Czar-Liberator." This monument has its counterpart in one of the principal squares of Belgrade. Deep beneath the surface, although slumbering for the moment because of the Soviet predominance in Moscow, are strong currents of pan-Slavism which, if agitated, harnessed and directed, could engulf the whole territory between the Adriatic and the Aegean and the Black Seas. The fatal tendency of the Slav races to work against each other may once more fasten a slavery, more degrading—because utterly pagan—than that imposed by the Mussulman, upon a pair of hardy, independent nations.

It is possible that a single monarch for the two Slav peoples would prove the ideal solution, especially in this hour of perilous crisis. Six and one-half million Bulgarians side by side with four and one-half million Croats in a federation of this character would counterbalance the present predominance of the Serbs in Jugoslavia. The creation of a solid south Slav bloc obviously would fit into the plans of the Rome-Berlin axis, provided the Balkan axis did not wax too strong. Scenting what was in the wind the British statesmen in early summer hastened to guarantee the frontiers of Rumania, Greece and Turkey. Significantly enough, there is no iron-clad Anglo-French guarantee for the present borders of Bulgaria and Jugoslavia. Nor is it likely that Josef Stalin will offer to perpetuate any of the frontiers in eastern Europe!

Since Bulgaria is the revisionist state *par excellence* in the Balkans, it is easy to see why political considerations suggest a foreign policy dependent upon Italy and Germany. On the other hand, a large and increasingly influential portion of the population of Sofia remember the disasters which attended Bulgaria's World War adventure on the side of the Central Powers.

One Foreign Office official, known to be deep in the confidence of the Bulgarian Prime Minister, M. Kiosséivanoff, assured me that "the mistakes of 1914-16 would not be repeated." This was the period in which the Bulgarian King Ferdinand, now an exile in Germany, vacillated between the possible advantages of entrance into the war on the side of the Allies and an outright espousal of the Teutonic cause. His Majesty chose the latter course, a decision that cost him his throne.

His successor happens to be his son, Boris III. The latter, more or less a prisoner of his own army, meditates upon the folly of war-like solu-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tions. M. Kiosséivanoff himself postponed his mid-summer visit to Berlin as long as possible in order that the atmosphere might clear enough to enable him not to appear in the rôle of a Schuschnigg at the feet of the Fuehrer. Finally, the so-called National and Social Party in Bulgaria, patterned to no small extent upon the Nazi organization in Germany, has been on the decline. The fact that there is little or no anti-Semitic feeling among the Bulgarian masses may partially account for this development. At any rate, Germany's influence upon internal policies is apt to decrease rather than grow strong, while the sentiment of the Bulgarian people on the whole is to maintain a most rigid neutrality in the present Europeon conflict.

As the figure of the Nazi warrior in shining armor recedes, that of the Russian Communist, bristling with propaganda weapons, looms larger in Bulgaria than at any time in the last twenty years. At the moment, there is a Bulgarian military attaché in Moscow ready to negotiate for direct air service between the two capitals.

Bulgaria's economic life

In the domain of economics Sofia's independence is not marked. Eighty percent of the people make their living by farming. Less than 100,000 Bulgarians are employed in industry. Tobacco is the principal export crop and Germany is the main purchaser. Curiously enough, Soviet Russia has recently developed a taste for Bulgarian tobacco and is taking steps to secure a generous share of Balkan trade.

In spite of the difficulties and perplexities imposed by war-time conditions, pigs, grapes, cereals and attar of roses are shipped up to the Danube to Germany in return for cloth, ironware, electrical gadgets, toys and guns, big and little. Under the tutelage of the German IGF chemical and dye trust, the production of soya beans has been notably increased. The German specialists provided seeds, machines and technical instruction. It is contended that German imports are as cheap as the products of other countries, while no economically unsound credit balances of "blocked" marks have been allowed to accumulate. Germany, just before the outbreak of war, disposed of a sizable lot of somewhat antiquated *Skoda* armaments to her trade partner in the Balkans. Long-term credits have been arranged for future sales of this character. Moscow plans to snap up whatever munitions business Berlin cannot handle.

A graphic picture of German-Bulgarian commerce is presented in the following figures: in 1933, twenty-five percent of Bulgaria's foreign trade was with the Reich; this proportion rose to fifty percent in 1935; on the occasion of my last visit to Sofia I was told that the percentage was sure to surpass sixty in 1939.

No wonder a famous Bulgarian attorney, an alumnus of the Sorbonne and a fervent admirer of French culture, could say to me wistfully, sadly: *"Economiquement nous sommes déja pris; politiquement, qui le sait?"* Then he added resolutely: "But in case of war we will not march with the Nazis; nor will our brothers, the Jugoslavs! And least of all, do we trust the so-called Communists of Soviet Russia."

One curious feature of the German trade drive in the Balkans has been the re-sale of raw materials like coffee and cotton, bought by means of Aski marks in Brazil, to Bulgarian (and at times Greek) consumers, who paid either in free exchange or in gold. In this manner the Reich became a middleman for the distribution of a number of "colonial products" in Danubia. Now that war has been declared, British control of the seas has dealt a death-blow to this lucrative, though artificial exchange.

In view of the pivotal position of the peasant in Balkan politics and economics, it is interesting to observe that the Bulgarian agricultural and national banks have practically eliminated the private money-lender with his usurious interest rates. The farmers were mulcted of no less than two hundred million leva in 1924 by money sharks; in 1935 they paid out less than ten million leva to independent bankers. The state banks have also been most generous in their extensions of credit to rural cooperatives. Unfortunately the individual holdings of land are ridiculously small, some families endeavoring to subsist on an "estate" of three or four acres.

Intensification of production and crop diversification have done much to relieve acute want in the country. Whereas grain once comprised the chief "money" crop, tobacco, fruit, vegetables and dairy produce are now in the ascendancy. The area sown with industrial plants like sunflower, colza, soya, hemp and flax has also been enlarged. There is little unemployment either in the city or on the farm. The rural family absorbs readily the son or daughter whose incompetence for urban existence has been demonstrated.

Generally speaking, the Bulgarians produce an excellent impression upon the independent observer. Their capital city, Sofia, is the jewel of the Balkans. Compact, clean, well-shaded by long avenues of chestnut and honey-locust, the principal business and residential districts are symbolic of the progress that has been made in sixty years of comparative independence. I say "comparative" independence because this period was broken by three wars, each one of which left a proud, vigorous, resourceful people decimated, dismembered, debt-laden. If there is any quarter of the peninsula where the lessons of peace ought to have been digested, it is in the narrow Kingdom by the Black Sea.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

An Interview in Lwow

". . . Considerable anxiety is felt for Monsignor Count Szeptycki whose whereabouts are unknown. It is thought he has been made a prisoner . . ."*

By **Catherine de Hueck**

THE OLD town of Lwow was bathed in sunshine. From the room of my hotel I could see the main square, with its grey stone statue of the Blessed Mother that, judging by the crown of lights surrounding her, must be lighted at night. On the right side of the square the old cathedral lifted its belfries into the skies; on all sides little winding streets ran away from the square into their narrow medieval twilight, promising many an interesting discovery to the patient tourist.

But my mind for the moment was not on the medieval beauties of the town. I had come, at some risk, to interview the old and beloved Bishop of the Ukrainian people in Poland, Monsignor Szeptycki, who headed the uniat and Eastern Rite Bishopric of Lwow or Lemberg. His personality, his life and works, were daily becoming of greater interest to American Catholics, active in the growing movement of the Eastern Rites, and interested in their potentiality in the future conversion of Orthodox people of Russia and other nations.

It was a Sunday, already war had been declared and the people of the town were making ready for the enemy, although, to be frank, the general opinion was that it would be a long time, if ever, before Lwow would feel the full force of the conflict. The sound of the church bells, calling the faithful to Mass, mingled with that of the tramping feet of soldiers and the heavy iron wheels of army trucks on cobbled stones.

As I wound my way slowly to Mass, I was at times engulfed in a sea of humanity, putting one in mind of the great towns of the world, but for the vivid kerchiefs of the village women and the strange yet handsome native costumes of the men. It seemed as if everyone for miles around had come that day to Lwow. The market place was a riot of color. Fruit, vegetables and native peasant costumes vied with each other in brilliancy of shadings and tones. The church was full. On the stone floor women knelt motionless for hours as the slow, majestic ritual of the Eastern Mass unfolded itself. Many were crying. Men with serious sober faces were praying earnestly. . . . Was it for peace? . . . or did they already foresee the abomination of desolation that would come upon them in a few short weeks?

The Mass over, I literally pushed my way through the colorful human sea, squeezed into narrow streets, finally reached the open shady space of a big park which was laid out on a slanting hill where hundreds were busy digging air-raid trenches . . . up ever higher until I came to the top where in the midst of a big garden stands the palace of his Excellency Count Szeptycki, his cathedral church and his seminary. The whole a mass of grey stone, shaped in baroque at its best, rich in curves and sculpture, it stood there dominating the town. But on second sight I noticed that much of it was in need of repair, especially the palace itself. The beautiful architecture could not hide the need of paint here and plastering there. All windows were shadeless and curtainless, yet scrupulously clean. The premises looked like a Spanish grandee in need of new clothes.

I rang the bell and asked diffidently if his Excellency would give me an appointment. The young man at the door ushered me into a small parlor, furnished with the utmost simplicity, and went away to find out. Why was it that my mind suddenly traversed spaces and came to rest on the grey hills of Umbria? why did I see before my eyes the figure of the Poverello of Assisi? Something in the poverty and simplicity of the palace brought him to my mind, for I knew that Count Szeptycki was very wealthy in his own right. Later my guess was confirmed by an old peasant woman, whom I asked why everything was so poor and shabby. She answered, "Oh, did you not know? His Grace never spends anything on himself, his comfort or food, it all goes to his poor and his many works of mercy. . . ."

The young man came back and informed me that his Grace would see me at once. A little overwhelmed at such graciousness, I followed him upstairs, to behold again and everywhere the same simplicity, nay, poverty, that I already had observed. At last a big green baize door opened and I was ushered into a large room the walls of which were all covered with books, and the two big windows of which overlooked the city. By one of them at a desk piled high with papers and correspondence sat the Bishop.

The first thing I noticed were his eyes—incredibly young and alive they looked in his lined face. A crown of thick white hair surrounded his high

* *Catholic Herald,* London. September 23, 1939.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

forehead, the same vigorous white hair was in his beard that fell over his collar. His whole face radiated charm, simplicity and to me sanctity. He apologized for his inability to rise; he had been, he said, paralyzed from the waist down, for many years now. Lately, he added, even his hands were beginning to be affected. He greeted me as an old friend, dismissing the topic of his health as unimportant, and at once became vitally interested in all my problems and questions.

In answer to one of them he explained at length why the Eastern Rite of the Catholic Church was the only means of bringing back the Schismatics, who were tremendously attached to it, because it was interwoven with their whole national life and history. He went on to explain that Lwow always had been a center for it, a sort of a stepping stone as it were for Russia and the Balkans—the most important countries that professed the Orthodox faith. He declared that both the late and the now reigning Pope were vitally alive to the opportunities and possibilities of the Rite and had been and were doing all in their power to foster it. That he himself had devoted a great part of his life to it. The name of Monsignor Fedoroff came up, and His Grace remembered well this holy Russian youth, who ever before the first World War had come to him from distant Russia, asking to be ordained a Catholic priest of the Eastern Rite, then little known outside of Rome. It was under him that Fedoroff studied, and it was his Excellency who ordained him and sent him back to Russia in 1917, where that priest, by then a mature man, did much to spread the true Faith, and died (1935) a martyr to that Faith, in the dark dungeons of the distant Solovki prison. His life was now being written, the Count added, by Prince Wolkonsky of Paris.

In Poland, the Bishop continued, both the uniat and the Eastern Rite were very widespread amongst the Ukrainians and the White Russians, yet he confessed that there was yet much to be done to clarify and explain them, not only to the Government of Poland and its people but even to the hierarchy, who all looked somewhat askance on the whole matter, due perhaps to their extreme nationalism and their not unnatural desire to eliminate anything and everything that savored of their old subjection to Russia. He acknowledged that life was not very easy for these minorities under his jurisdiction, and that unfortunately there were some cases of evident persecution, when overzealous officials either confiscated or destroyed Orthodox churches and in their ignorance attacked even the Catholic ones of non-Latin rites, or again demanded that both service and singing would be carried on in Polish instead of old Slavonic. On the whole, I must confess, he was very reluctant to criticize the existing order of things, especially in view of the tragic times ahead of Poland, and it was only in answer to my very direct questioning that he gave these answers, adding that most likely the future would bring about a better understanding along all lines.

When the subject of the Soviets was mentioned, he vigorously affirmed that indeed he had done all in his power to keep his people from their contamination, and that he and they sympathized fully with the mistrust of the Polish Government with regard to any agreement of any sort between the Poles, the British or the French and the government of the USSR. No good could or would come from it all. Witness the astonishing *volte-face* made by Stalin in his non-aggression pact with Germany. Yet at no time did his Grace suggest that he had any suspicion or inkling of the possibility of the Soviets moving into Poland.

His Grace then asked for news from the various European centers concerning the Eastern Rites. I was glad to be able to tell him that Father A. Rogosh had established a lovely little chapel in New York, near old Saint Patrick's Cathedral, where an (Eastern Rite) Mass was celebrated every Sunday, and where a lovely all-Irish choir, composed of students from Fordham University, sang in Slavonic so well as to deceive the Russians attending the services. Above the Chapel was a cosy little hall, where Saint Michael's Guild was established. Its duties are to spread the knowledge of the Eastern Liturgy, organize a Russian-English library on the subject, and conduct study clubs, helping with convert instruction. Another such center is to be found in Lisle, Illinois, and in Los Angeles, California. A special new publication was being considered by the New York group, scheduled to make its appearance shortly. Having just come from Berlin, I was also able to state that the little Russian Catholic chapel there under Father Dlussky was functioning well. And the big church of the Eastern Rite in Auteil, Paris, under the direction of the Dominican Fathers, was doing a great work, with their Russian and French publications attracting wider and wider attention. The Cambridge Russian Catholic session was then discussed and his Grace seemed very gratified with the general success of the work.

It was getting late; but before taking my leave, I begged him for a blessing and his photograph. He graciously granted both, adding his autograph to the picture. As I stood for the last time in the framework of the great baize door, he bade me "God speed." . . . Through the large curtainless windows the sun was setting in a glory of red and gold over the old city, its rays touching gently a shelf of old books, reflecting slantwise in the white halo of the Bishop's hair, turning it to flaming silver. . . . Again the thought of Saint Francis of Assisi came to me. I felt I had met a Saint . . . little did I know that I had received the blessing of perhaps a future martyr.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Views & Reviews

BY MICHAEL WILLIAMS

RETURNING from one of my infrequent visits to the movies last night, I tried to obliterate from at least the surface of memory the impression of the news-reel photographs of devastated Poland. Otherwise, how should I be able to sleep? And after all even non-combatants three thousand miles away from the bombing planes in action, in the midst of a great pacific nation whose overwhelming determination is that whatever else happens, we at least shall keep out of any war—except a direct war of aggression upon our own country—are obliged to manipulate their memories and emotions and their nerves in order to sleep calmly, or at all. And so it is, of course, among the people in all the lands at war or ravaged by war or immediately threatened by war in Europe and Asia. Mingled with the memories of the Polish pictures were recollections of what I had seen not in photographs but as an eye-witness of the results of air-bombing in Spain a few months ago, in Barcelona and Madrid and Toledo. But, strangely enough, the memory of an air-bombing that I found most difficult to banish was not concerned with what happened a year ago in Spain and yesterday in Poland or even with forebodings of what tomorrow may bring in London or Paris or Berlin or in little towns away from the great capitals but near harbors and factories and railroad stations; it had to do with an air-bombing which I witnessed in our own western world. For I think it is true to say that the horrible distinction of providing the place and the victims for the first killing of women and children with a bomb from an airplane, in a raid upon a modern city, must be assigned to our own America.

It was at Mazatlan in Mexico, in the spring of 1914, during the revolution against President Huerta led by Carranza and Obregon—both destined to become President after Huerta was overthrown and both destined to be assassinated.

An international fleet composed of warships of the powers having interests in Mexico—the United States, Germany, England and Japan—was anchored off the coast about the city, which was completely besieged on its landward side by Obregon's army. A blockade of the harbor cut off supplies to Mazatlan by sea. Its inhabitants were slowly starving, the garrison and the well-to-do slowly, the mass of the poor, of course—particularly the children—most rapidly. Obregon had one or two planes; very crude, indeed primitive contraptions; but as the Federals had none, at least not on the west coast, his air superiority comparatively was like that of Hitler's army over Poland's. One morning a plane dropped a bomb intended for a Federal fort on the outskirts of the city. It missed its mark by a quarter of a mile or so and fell in a plaza among women and children, killing fifteen or sixteen of them. There was tremendous indignation among the commanders of the international fleet. A joint delegation of all the nations represented at Mazatlan went to Obregon's camp to protest and to hint at counter-action. Obregon explained the mistake. Ordinarily, as he informed his visitors, the airplane had been employed—like the British planes recently in Germany—to drop propaganda leaflets explaining to the Mazatlan folk (or those able to read) the iniquities of the Federal government and the high merits of the revolutionary cause. The bombing, he promised, would not be repeated.

As I thought of this happening (which I witnessed as a newspaper correspondent from an American warship's deck), my concern was deeper than the problem of how to banish the memory (especially the memory of the blood-spattered plaza which I was taken to see) so that I might get my usual amount of sleep. What I chiefly worried about—and still do—is the validity of the assumption which apparently underlies so much of our American attitude toward the present war, particularly the bombing horror: namely, the assumption that such things are strictly foreign affairs, frightfully common in Europe and Asia, but thoroughly un-American; and that of course we can keep out of them either by maintaining the embargo on arms, or abolishing it; anyhow, that we can keep such horrors away from our western world by legislative action.

What happened in Mexico in 1914 was certainly a very picayune affair set beside the world war of 1914-18, or what is happening now. But it contained within its limits practically all the explosive spiritual, moral, racial, economic, national, imperialistic and scientific elements and ideas that have produced the present wars in Asia and Europe. Leaders proclaiming honestly or dishonestly their devotion to the oppressed Indian races of Mexico and the oppressed workers and farmers of all racial strains were attacking or defending the Church and capitalism and the privileged classes and foreign domination. And the masses of the people were being swayed this way and that way in the whirlpools of propaganda. And what went on then had happened before, not only in Mexico, but throughout many countries in Central and South America, and has happened since then—as in the war in the Chaco.

Nor have such things been insulated from ourselves. Our Revolution was fought against a European power with the aid of other, rival European powers—France and Spain. There were our several wars with Mexico and Spain. Our Civil War was not wholly domestic. It almost involved us in war with England. And then came the World War. And now we seem menaced by world war again. That we may, and can, keep out of the physical fighting is as certain as anything can be in the world of today where such confusion of thinking prevails and the testing of man's will and spiritual nature is upon a universal scale. But we are human beings more positively than we are American citizens; in other words, that we cannot possibly insulate ourselves from the spiritual and moral and economic and racial and other conflicts and problems underlying the war is, I believe, a fact more certain than any other. We already are in the second world war, even if we never fire a shot or send a single soldier to volunteer in the fighting. For those war-producing problems are with us at home as well as abroad. Safety first is a good motto, but it is not a good way to act if we merely shut our eyes to the realities of our situation.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Communications

NEUTRALITY AND PEACE

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: Your editorials on the European situation and on American neutrality continue to be most heartening. It is highly important in these bewildering days to maintain a sane and realistic view of foreign affairs and to avoid confusing moral issues with sentiment. This you have done most admirably. Rightly or wrongly American public opinion persists in judging European conflicts on moral-ideological grounds. The "war to make the world safe for democracy" psychology is still very much with us in spite of our experience of twenty years ago. Hence I suppose it is inevitable, as you pointed out on September 29, that so many people should believe England and France to be "fighting the good fight for democracy." It is unfortunate, however, that the other group that was mentioned, the so-called realistic group which views this war as another chapter in Europe's long struggle for the balance of power, should be stigmatized as cold, heartless and unmoral. For actually I believe that such men as these have a clearer insight into the issues at stake in Europe than their opponents.

Granted that the actions of Hitler and Stalin violate every principle of international decency, can it be demonstrated beyond reasonable doubt that England and France are actually fighting to uphold western civilization? Did they perhaps enter the war to preserve a *status quo* with the balance of power in their favor? Did an independent Poland represent a symbol of international order, or was it a convenient military outpost sufficiently strong to occupy German armies in the east while English and French troops took up advantageous positions in the west? I don't pretend to know the answers to these questions, but as a student of history I am painfully aware that Americans were deceived about the origins and aims of the first World War and might be mistaken again. At any rate I marvel at the assurance of those who are certain of the justice of the Anglo-French cause. Certainly those who have not forgotten the secret treaties of 1915, the Versailles settlement, the strangulation of the Weimar republic, etc., will find the picture of England and France as champions of democracy a bit ridiculous. Moreover, England and France were anxious to obtain the Russian alliance, although it is to their credit that they refused Stalin's terms. Further, if I understand Churchill's first address correctly, the British government is not entirely displeased at the entrance of the Soviet on the scene. A new balance has been struck in eastern Europe which may checkmate Hitler and presumably has already thwarted his Baltic ambitions. Incidentally, I wonder how the Finns feel about the Anglo-Soviet trade pact.

As I see it there is an ugly possibility that England and France in attempting to block German expansion may very well be fighting Stalin's battle in the long run. I hope this will not be so, but a Communist-dominated eastern and central Europe would seem a probable consequence of another crushing defeat of Germany. In spite of Hitlerism, I cannot help wishing that the United States of America, instead of passing moral judgment, were in a position to mediate as a true neutral. As to the grave spiritual menace of the Nazi-Communist combination (assuming that it continues) you have given what seems to me to be the Catholic answer: "in so far as their [Nazi-Communist] ideas are against nature, nature will take care of these ideas. Else our faith is in vain." More power to you!

MARSHALL W. BALDWIN.

DECAY OF RURAL IRELAND

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: There is a statement in Alice Curtayne's otherwise excellent article, "Decay of Rural Ireland" (September 29) that I find truly shocking. Other fellow Catholics who read the article at my suggestion found it equally shocking. In fact when we consider the evident satisfaction in human suffering of innocents that is implied, we may say that there is an element of sadism in the thought.

I quote: "If plague or famine had taken them [the children] from us in such devastating numbers, what an outcry would have been raised, and how the sympathy of the world would have been invoked in our behalf! But it is worse when the children are not even there to be stricken."

Can any intelligent, sane individual—not to say religious—bring himself to say "Amen" to this?

Many of us Irish Catholics were proud of the common sense of our countrymen in not bringing children into the sorry State that Miss Curtayne portrays.

What have the theologians to say about this question?

JOHN J. DONOHUE.

MINNESOTA HOBBLES LABOR

Blue Earth, Minn.

TO the Editors: I liked Mr. Gilbert E. Carlson's article entitled "Minnesota Hobbles Labor" (September 22). This new Minnesota Labor Act was put through with the aid of our farm bloc legislators, and there seems to be today an undue antagonism on the part of the farmer toward labor. I do not know why this should be so. It is true that unionists have stopped farmers' market-bound trucks. But it is also true that not many years ago, in the days of the farm holiday movement, the farmers placed spiked planks in the highway for the purpose of stopping farmers' market-bound trucks. The farmer's hands are no cleaner than labor's, and yet he is taking it upon himself to reform labor. The farmer smugly pockets his triple-A payments (and I have just pocketed mine), and then grumbles at the spectacle of WPA labor. We use power machinery whenever possible, and then expect the unemployed to find themselves a job or starve. It is in a late issue of *Wallace's Farmer* that a farmer writes this: "If the United Sates gets into war, they should make the WPA and the reliefers go to war." We have too much of this same spirit throughout the Midwest. We farmers need to cultivate the live-and-let-live spirit.

ALBERT EISELE.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Points & Lines

Latin America and U. S.

BY THE TIME that Sumner Welles and the other delegates had returned from Panama, the most spectacular action of the Inter-American conference already seemed abortive. That was the Declaration of Panama. The questions asked about the 300-mile safety zone could not be answered in any realistic and vigorous way. Admiral Land, chairman of the Maritime Commission, said: "It's a nice idea, but what are we going to do if somebody sticks his nose inside the zone?" *Newsweek* says:

> Secretary Hull gave one answer to that question at a press conference: the American nations would consult.

The *Nation* believes:

> This leaves us in an anomalous position. Presumably we claim the right to seize or sink any belligerent ship entering the safety zone, but we refuse to accept responsibility for preventing submarines or raiders from establishing bases in American waters.

The *Christian Century* concludes:

> The Declaration of Panama, in other words, seems to be an inexplicable mess—one of those bright ideas which seemed a good thing at the time to the White House, but which will soon either have to be watered down to meaninglessness or forgotten altogether.

The Panama conference resulted in more than this one declaration. That declaration constituted, indeed, the fourteenth of sixteen sections of the final act:

> I. Texts of decrees and regulations on neutrality. II. Tribute to the Liberator. (A joint manifestation of respect in memory of Simon Bolivar.) III. Economic cooperation.

Time said about this section:

> But a wall keeps things in, as well as out. With that in mind, the first emergency conference of the Western Hemisphere's nations moved swiftly to build within that wall not only a "citadel of democracy" but a joint economy. . . .

To continue with—

> IV. Joint declaration of continental solidarity. V. General declaration of neutrality of the American republics. VI. Humanization of war. VII. Contraband of war. VIII. Coordination of police and judicial measures for the maintenance of neutrality. IX. Maintenance of international activities in accordance with Christian morality.

Perhaps platitudinous, this one may still warrant further quotation, if it could sink in:

> The governments of the American Republics, represented at the First Meeting of the Foreign Ministers of the American Republics, declare: (1) That they reaffirm their faith in the principles of Christian civilization, and their confidence that, in the light of these principles, the influence of international law will be strengthened among nations; (2) that they condemn attempts to place international relations and the conduct of warfare outside the realm of morality. . . .

To return—

> X. Recommendation to the international conference of jurists. XI. Protection of the Inter-American ideal against subversive ideologies. XII. Future meetings of foreign ministers. XIII. Organization of the economic advisory committee (correlated with section III). XIV. Declaration of Panama. XV. Transmission of Declaration of Panama. XVI. Transfer of sovereignty of geographic regions of the Americas held by non-American states.

On October 11-12, a conference on Inter-American relations in the field of art was held in Washington. Work along one of the most important and neglected fronts of Pan-Americanism received a stimulus here. The magazine, *America,* notes:

> Our association with the Latin American Republics, it is gratifying to note, are occupying the increasing attention of our Department of State. To the credit of Secretary Cordell Hull it must be said that he has used his efforts to promote a friendlier relationship with the great countries that lie to the south of us. His success, though notable, has been far from what we could wish. South Amercians still deal with us cautiously; our motives are suspect; they still fear that our trade-promotion advances are lopsided. They believe, and there is foundation for their belief, that the *Norte Americanos* belittle their intelligence and assume that their people are little better than half civilized. . . .

Meanwhile, intense effort is being devoted to the economic aspects of Pan-Americanism. There are two main lines of approach. One is to arrange that the southern countries will have enough money exchange to uprchase goods from the US. The other is to work out methods for new productive investment in Latin America. Juan Trippe, head of Pan American Airways, which has just celebrated its tenth anniversary of service to Argentina, and which has announced a $6,000,000 expansion program for South America, declared in an interview:

> A far happier relationship between the U. S. and Latin American republics would result, according to Mr. Trippe, if business men would undertake joint financing of enterprises through South America. The danger to be avoided, he said, was that as a result of exclusive United States financing South American business men gained the impression they were only representatives of foreign owners.

A few days later, in his press conference, the President voiced the same hopes as this. (The New York *Times.*)

> The administration was actively considering the use of a part of the country's gold reserves for direct investment in Latin American countries and to stabilize the banking systems.

On October 16 the *Times* announced:

> Brazil has availed itself of an arrangement under which the United States is to sell to it gold up to $60,000,000, the gold to remain in this country as collateral for advances of dollar exchange to Brazilians needing this facility for transactions with American business interests. The arrangement was made in 1937 but not until this past week was it carried into effect. Then the first payments, aggregating about $3,000,000, were made on the gold to be held here. . . .
>
> This is not to be confused with the discussion between the United States and Brazil relating to the shipment of $50,000,000 of gold to Brazil for use as a reserve for that nation's central banking system.

Soon after this announcement, the New York *Sun* carried what might be a significant news item:

> The Commerce Department said today that four United States firm have obtained an order from Brazil for seventeen locomotives, to cost $1,870,000, and 1,000 railway cars, costing $4,000,000. The Central Bazil Railway ordered the equipment.

The most difficult economic problem remains acute, as J. G. Forrest writes for the *Times:*

> The answer to the question, how much we can sell them, depends on our purchases from those countries.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Stage & Screen

Gertrude Lawrence

SAMSON RAPHAELSON'S play is entitled "Skylark," which does permit one to begin his review with "Hail to thee, bright spirit," and that is most appropriate whenever Miss Gertrude Lawrence skims the boards. For Miss Lawrence is the blithest and gayest of living actresses, though she can be other things as well. She does not have an opportunity to be these other things in "Skylark," which indeed would afford an ordinary actress little opportunity for anything, for it is a very flabbily conceived and poorly constructed play, and even the dialogue quite unworthy of the author of "Accent on Youth." And yet the play is an enormous success. Of course the true way to put it is: Miss Lawrence is an enormous success. Her vitality, her grace of movement, her charm, her magnificent speaking of the lines, in short her ability to make dead matter live are positively stupendous. She is never still a moment, and yet every movement has meaning and is instinct with the Lawrence charm. Variety thy name is Lawrence! Every part of her, from the top of her head to the tips of her toes, is vibrant with life. Without her "Skylark" wouldn't have run a week, and it is the first big hit of the season. Donald Cook does a good job as her husband, and Glenn Anders is amusing as her friend, though his delivery of lines makes more for comedy than belief. *(At the Morosco Theatre.)*

Three Sisters

THERE ARE some excellent players in the Surry Theatre's production of Chekov's play, notably Katherine Emery, Anne Revere, Shepperd Strudwick, Robert Allen, Hume Cronyn and Dorothy Mathews, and all have their admirable moments. In fact Mr. Allen is always admirable. But Chekov is a difficult dramatist to produce, and "Three Sisters" his most difficult play. In Chekov the line is never constant, for Chekov's method is that of the impressionists. Speech does not follow speech in the neat manner of the theatrical logician, but apparent irrelevancies are always breaking in. Of course this is the way in life, and that is what makes Chekov so hard to produce—it is life we are attending, and not an exhibition of theatrical expediencies. And what is hinted at is often what is important. It is the color, the diapasonic undertow which is the secret of Chekov's genius, and to obtain this a director must deal with intangibles. Chekov must be produced in the manner of a mosaic. Each line, each bit of business must be fitted in, so that, incomprehensible as much of it may seem at first, the final result is crystal clear. This is not done in the direction of the Surry Players, with the result that what is deep often becomes trivial and sometimes even absurd. There is humor in "Three Sisters," but it is the humor of bitter comedy, and the laughs aroused at the Longacre Theatre are too often the laughs of farce. Yet despite it all the natural talent of many of the actors makes the evening stimulating at least by flashes. It may be added that the extravagant set does not help matters. Chekov is above all things to be given simply. *(At the Longacre Theatre.)*

GRENVILLE VERNON.

Mr. Capra Goes to Town

FRANK CAPRA has done it again! In "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington," Director Capra gives us a surefire hit steeped in patriotism, satire, warm humanity and high comedy. When idealistic Jeff Smith (James Stewart) is appointed to the United States Senate on the strength of his being a Boy Ranger who recites Washington and Lincoln, you fear for what will happen in the Capitol to this young man who comes from a state run by a corrupt party machine. And just when you think that Senator Smith is doing all right, with the help of his secretary (Jean Arthur), his own common rightness, and democratic principles, down tumble all his ideals. Although he refuses to be bought by the party's boss (Edward Arnold), he is falsely exposed in the Senate by his senior Senator (Claude Rains) as a grafter. But lost causes are Senator Smith's specialty. Inspired by Lincoln, democracy and again his secretary, Smith fights. There follows one of the most thrilling sequences that has ever appeared in a movie. For twenty-three hours, this Don Quixote filibusters in the Senate. Of course the Capra touch in this intelligent, adult film is aided by an interesting story, excellent sets and montage effects that make the nation's capital alive and exciting. James Stewart is magnificent as the man who believes that liberty is too precious to be confined to books. The supporting cast, including Thomas Mitchell, Eugene Pallette and Harry Carey (watch for him as president of the Senate) do wonders under Capra's guidance.

You'll forget yourself and your woes as you watch the peppy youngsters in "Babes in Arms" swing into action in this smartly-paced, big-hearted picture made from the Rodgers and Hart musical comedy. Because Mickey Rooney, Judy Garland, Betty Jaynes, Douglas McPhail and their pals are the children of out-of-work troupers (played by such ex-two-a-dayers as Charles Winninger, Grace Hayes, Ann Shoemaker) and because they too have grease paint in their veins, the kids strike out to show what they can do. Director Busby Berkeley gives them every chance to keep things moving, except when sentiment gets too thick. Musical numbers are well staged, not too elaborate, with some catchy new tunes and old Rodgers-Hart songs. Judy sings nicely; Mickey is at his best, especially in impersonations of Gable, Barrymore and Roosevelt; June Preisser's Babie Rosalie is a gem; the whole cast gets into the infectious, holiday spirit of the piece.

If you can sit through the usual, labored Alice Faye-Don Ameche romance, you'll enjoy the scenes in "Hollywood Cavalcade" that show the movies' early slapstick days. Don discovers Alice on Broadway and makes her a star after a series of Mack-Sennett-like comedies full of pies, bathing beauties and chasing policemen. Particularly effective, in Irving Cummings's good direction, are the black and white films within the film, while the main picture is in color. Not too authentic, but good fun.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Faith in the Common Man

THE STORY of the Antigonish movement as told by Dr. M. M. Coady in his "Masters of Their Own Destiny" is a story of faith in the common man. The movement is a vindication of the theory that "the common man can be at once a worker, a student, a business man and an intelligent citizen." The possibilities in adult education and economic cooperation have been discovered by the leaders of the Antigonish movement who had faith in the common man—the fisherman, miner, farmer and industrial worker of the Maritime Provinces of Eastern Canada.

The achievements attained justify this faith. A network of study clubs, sponsored and fostered by the Saint Francis Xavier University, covers the whole of Nova Scotia. Approximately twenty-one thousand people, men and women, met regularly in the year 1938-1939 in study clubs throughout these provinces. Out of them have come leaders; from them have flowed rich streams of cooperative action. More than seventy consumer cooperative societies have been organized in eastern Nova Scotia alone; the membership was 6,929 in 1937, and the business turnover in that year was $2,099,357. Hospital insurance has been set up through these cooperative stores. Two million people are now organized in about 7,000 credit unions. The story of the growth of cooperative associations for the marketing of livestock, turkeys, pulpwood, milk, fish and lobsters as well as the setting up of lobster canneries reads like a romance. One rubs one's eyes to ask whether it is all a reality, whether all this could have been accomplished with people who were uneducated, in many instances even illiterate, within so short a space of time. While adult education was begun as an experiment as early as 1921 the Antigonish movement as such is not much more than a decade old.

The program of adult education is motivated by the thought that children do not govern the world and youth is too immature to tackle its problems. Adults must be reached. The proximate aim of adult education is to show adults that there is a practical and profitable connection between what they learn and what they do. They are taught to grapple with problems, one by one, as they arise; from the simple solutions they learn how to go on to the more difficult ones. Success breeds confidence. "Nothing succeeds like success." When people see that the efforts they make at educating themselves are rewarded with immediate and practical results they go into their education activities with still greater enthusiasm.

In the application of the principles of popular psychology Dr. Coady and his associates have proved themselves to be realists. The ultimate goal of their education program is culture—culture in the sense of the growth of a full personality that has come to abound in and appreciate the fine and noble values of life.

If the adult education program of the Antigonish movement seeks to teach people the aim, technique and benefits of cooperation, its ultimate goal is "through credit unions, cooperative stores, lobster factories, and sawmills to lay the foundation for an appreciation of Shakespeare and grand opera."

No one knows the cooperative movement better than Dr. Coady. He held the infant in his arms, taught it how to walk, how to support itself, how to come to grips with daily problems and how to face obstacles with the face to the sun. He knows where mistakes were made and frankly writes of them. A thorough realist, he is also an idealist. He would not be a philosopher if he were not that. Through the maze of bewildering realities he sees always the shining light of his cooperative ideals. He is not discouraged by the apathetic fisherman who does not see he advantage of joining a cooperative, or by the disloyal farmer who, consulting his own selfish interests, sells out to forces hostile to the cooperative, or by vested interests who use all the power of influence and money at their command to obstruct the way of the cooperative movement. Defeatism is not in his makeup. He has one of those rare minds which, when confronted by a problem, at once seeks a solution and, obstructed by a difficulty, immediately sets to work to surmount it.

In telling his story of the Antigonish Cooperative Movement he gives cooperatives their proper place in the economic order. They are not a cure-all for the ills of this order. But through them private property will be better distributed; the growth of a propertyless proletariat will be impeded; poverty as a proximate occasion to sin will be reduced; production will be put on a basis of need rather than profit; social justice and social charity will have a better chance to function in the relations of man to man. Material and cultural values of a high order can be achieved through cooperatives if organized on sound principles and inspired by noble ideals.

"Masters of Their Own Destiny" is written in a direct and simple style. It abounds in apt analogies and striking similies. Much has been written about the Antigonish movement in recent years. But none was so qualified to write about it as Dr. Coady. His life has been intertwined with it. Through it all runs faith in the common man. "As in nature, so in man, the lofty mountain peaks shall rise not from the level plains but from the foothills." The movement drives onward to the goal to make man economically free in order to free his soul for the higher things of life. For this the support of religion is needed. How much it is needed Dr. Coady tells as only he can tell it. In materialism, as in all things of the flesh, lie the germs of decay and death. "He who sows in the flesh, of the flesh shall reap corruption; but he who sows in the spirit, of the spirit shall reap life immortal."

✠ ALOISIUS MUENCH.

* New York: Harper and Brothers. $3.00.

More Books of the Week

Winnie's Apologia

Step by Step, by Winston S. Churchill. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $4.00.

HERE is a record of over three years of protest against all forms of appeasement. Here is the record of an Englishman who took Hitler at his word and who would have cracked down on the German dictator upon the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

reoccupation of the Rhineland by German troops in 1936. This is not a tale written in retrospect on, "What *I* should have done," but a series of articles written at the time of the unfolding of all those ominous events which brought the present war. "Stop it now!" was his appeal at every new Hitler victory. Towards the conclusion of the series one reads between the lines a "Too late!" but nevertheless a determined tone of defiance against the victorious totalitarian. There is no doubt that here is the rash and bold Churchill, First Lord of the Admiralty in the War of 1914-18. Here is that same Churchill who planned and ordered the fatal Gallipoli campaign, but who failed to find that same spirit of bold adventure in war-tired England and France of the late thirties. His hope lies in the League of Nations during these years, a League that would be strengthened by determined action against lawless international action. Every supine acceptance of the actions of aggressors would, he believed, lead to a terrible conflict. And "such a war would spell the ruin of such civilization as Europe has been able to build up and preserve."

Here then we have a record of glorious opportunities ignominiously missed. His complaint, however, is not only that opportunities have been missed, but that aggression has in a sense been rewarded. He points out, for instance, that in May, 1935, Herr Hitler announced his intention of breaking the Treaty of Versailles by restoring universal military conscription in Germany. This was condemned by the Council of the League of Nations and further condemned at Stresa by Britain, France and Italy. Yet in June of the same year Britain proceeded to make a private bargain with Hitler on the comparative sizes of the British and German navies which practically invited Hitler to proceed at once to break the naval clauses of the Versailles Treaty. Similar actions characterized the attitudes of both Britain and France toward Italy after both of these democracies had led the League of Nations into an emphatic condemnation of the Abyssinian campaign. According to Churchill such actions not only ruined the effectiveness of the League as an instrument of peace but disastrously lowered the prestige of the democracies among the smaller states of Europe. Munich was the inevitable climax in a sequence of such events.

Among other warnings to his fellow-Englishmen, he strongly advises that they must not count upon the active help of the United States in the event of war. The most that Britain should look for from this country would be a sympathetic neutrality. Mr. Churchill does not hesitate to offer a few words of advice to America on internal policy. He does not like the New Deal. He would, therefore, have Mr. Roosevelt make friends with business leaders and take them to his heart in order that America might once again become prosperous. This section reads like the editorials from our own conservative press. Were Mr. Churchill an American, it is likely that even Mr. Hoover and Mr. Landon would be too New Dealish for him; he would have to go back to the spirit of William McKinley for sympathetic company.

The work makes interesting reading in the light of the present European war. The predictions of calamity are all too true. One wonders if the author realizes the full import of his words when he says:

"The unity of Christendom is a mockery. Nay, even the idea of Christianity is repudiated by a new paganism. No longer can the leading nations of the European family appeal to one another upon the New Testament. Grim war-gods from remote ages have stalked upon the scene. International good faith; the public law of Europe; the greatest good of the greatest number; the ideal of a fertile, tolerant, progressive, demilitarized, infinitely varied society, is shattered. Dictators ride to and fro upon tigers from which they dare not dismount. And the tigers are getting hungry."

JEROME G. KERWIN.

CRITICISM

Gist of Art, by John Sloan. New York: American Artists Group. $3.75.

THE CURRENT "Life in America" exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum of Art includes five canvases by John Sloan: "The Dust Storm," "Fifth Avenue" (1906); "The Old Haymarket" (1907); "Wake of the Ferry" (1907); "Six O'Clock — Sixth Avenue El" (1912); "McSorley's Bar" (1912). In the exhibition of Contemporary American Artists at the same museum is Sloan's "Old Tammany Hall" (1934).

The six canvases and their titles are typical of Sloan's work as an original member (with Henri, Glackens, Luks, etc.) of the "Eight," apostles of the new contemporary realism known to our fathers as the "Ashcan School" and to ourselves as the American Scene. But also typical—perhaps even more so—of Sloan is the observation that his work of the last ten years shows an increasingly exclusive preoccupation with the single human figure and in particular the nude female figure, expressed in an experimental technique in which a neutral structural underpainting in tempera is given a linear super-glaze of color which recalls the cross-hatching of the etcher.

Sloan's "Gist of Art," published by the American Artists Group as the first in a series devoted to the individual contributions of present-day artists, explains in detail his new technique; more important, it explains his inability to rest upon his hardly-won laurels as an acknowledged dean of a popular and accepted school of contemporary art. Sloan dislikes academies. He distrusts success. "I have never been interested in painting or doing things that I know I can paint or do." In his classes at the Art Students League, where he has successfully taught since 1914, he tells his students: "I have no tricks to teach you. I don't want to teach you any one way to draw. I want to help you find a purpose, a reason for drawing."

Meanwhile teaching lashes him into a state of consciousness; he tries to prove in his work the things he digs out of himself to pass on to his students. Analyzing the work of the great masters of the past—his favorite is Rembrandt —he finds that their satisfying wholeness depends not upon the succesful transcript of a visual sensation (as with the impressionists) but upon their translation of the visual into the mental concept—the construction not of imitations of nature but of plastic ideographs of nature. And how have they realized this plastic aim? By the separation, it seems to Sloan, of form and color. The direct color painting which has been the almost universal practice since the invention of the camera and the opening up of the color palette by the impressionists appears to Sloan a confining divagation from the tradition of the masters. Abandoning, therefore, his early technique (Henri-Eakins-Manet-Hals), he had developed his present "linear-textual" method. In its present state, this technique seems not entirely satisfactory. The neutral underpainting is a sound principle. But the linear crosshatching tends often to break down the underlying form rather than to define it, build it up, give it volume. Also, perhaps because of its novelty, the total effect is over-mannered. Sloan's color key, mean-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

while, is higher, his compositions more swirling and alive. Given his purpose, his present predilection for the nude figure was inevitable. In the nude body we are immediately aware of the structure of bone and muscle and blood underlying the thin glaze of colored skin.

Sloan's book is not biography. It consists for the most part of hints and maxims for students and "esthetic consumers," with more detailed technical advice to the practicing artist. For the author's biography, consult the appendix of 160 annotated reproductions of his own work over 45 years. DAVID BURNHAM.

From Another World: the Autobiography of Louis Untermeyer. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.00.

THIS BOOK might be called the autobiography of an anteater, with Webster's definition in mind, since its author admits the likeness. There is more to it than a physical resemblance, however, for Mr. Untermeyer's tongue is long and his critical salivary glands are tremendously developed. The volume is much more of a book of reminiscences than an autobiography, and its author burkes no revelation, however intimate, if it deals with the great he has known. And part of the book is written in the pontifical tone of a pundit dealing with a long-past era, about which he alone knows everything: the critical generalizations flow freely and his friends fare well.

It is, however, a most entertaining book, and in a minor way important for the light it sheds upon the American renaissance which began shortly before the first World War. There are so many tales of Vachel Lindsay, Amy Lowell, Mencken, Sara Teasdale, John Read, Robert Frost, Rockwell Kent, Elinor Wylie, D. H. Lawrence and Isadora Duncan that one can only say, again, that Mr. Untermeyer is in his anecdotage. There are some revealing comments on the art of anthologizing, which Mr. Untermeyer has practiced with the acumen that made him a good jeweler for the first half of his life. He, as no other in our time, has known how to make poetry pay, though his own verses are remaindered along with those of his contemporaries. Mr. Untermeyer has come a long way since he toyed with letters as a parlor pink in the brave days of pre-war socialism and stood trial for treason as an editor of the old *Masses* during the witch hunts of 1918. He is now a vested interest, a tycoon among the troubadours, who makes and break poets from the judgment seat supported by "Modern American Poetry" and "Modern British Poetry." His enthusiasm has led him into many errors, but he has also ably promoted the cause of poetry—at a price. One wonder whether egocentricity is the best qualification for criticism and whether Mr. Untermeyer has ever lost the attitudes of a merchant jeweler. But one cannot deny him a place on Parnassus as the middleman of modern letters. MASON WADE.

Poetry and Anarchism, by Herbert Read. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.00.

"POETRY AND ANARCHISM," as we should expect from Mr. Read, is a brilliant and provocative book. It is also a very confused book.

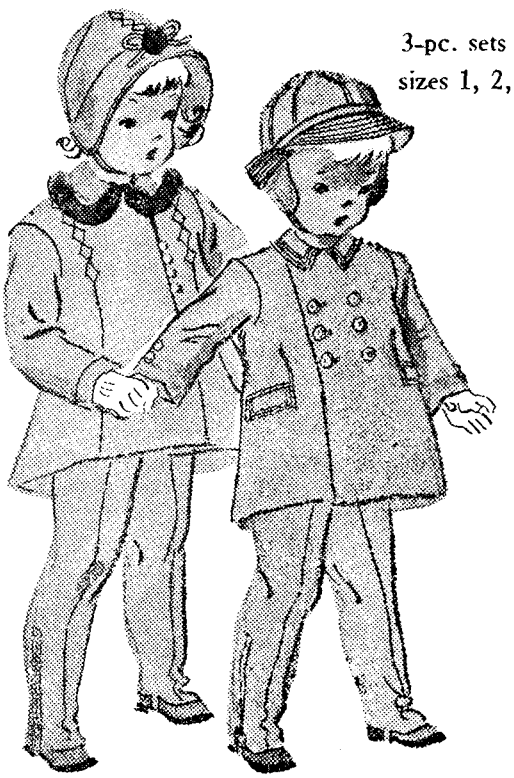
It is brilliant and provocative because it deals with the primary problems facing our present civilization courageously and with the highest intellectual sincerity. It is confused because Mr. Read's search for an answer fails. It fails because Mr. Read does not have an equipment for assessing the work of the various philosophical and psychological studies he has made.

B. ALTMAN & CO.

Botany flannel

tailored, 12.95

fur trimmed, 14.95



3-pc. sets in sizes 1, 2, 3

if you've visualized your little darlings in the prettiest clothes in the world, this is just about what you're looking for. Good and warm . . . silk lined and then interlined . . . in white, pink or blue Botany flannel.

Altman tots' shop . . . second floor

Fifth Avenue at 34th Street *Telephone MU. 9-7000*

Also at Our East Orange and White Plains Shops

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The book consists of very loosely related chapters brought together only because they tend to converge on one central problem. That problem, briefly stated, is this, how can the individual, as manifested in his highest development in the person of the artist, find it possible to survive in a modern state? Mr. Read looks upon the modern state, with its power to thrust ineffectual masses (rendered incapable of acting with that dignity that should belong to the immortal soul) to death and destruction, as the basic opponent of the individual. The only solution is anarchism, to be attained by the state being made to renounce its powers except insofar as it serves as a means of exchanging communal advantages. Once this has been accomplished, the individual, in Mr. Read's opinion, may stand forth as a man.

The basic point in Mr. Read's contention seems very illusory. But the book cannot be overlooked in the value of its social criticism, even if it has nothing constructive to offer. Mr. Read comes to a point where he looks with an inquiring and sympathetic eye toward Catholicism. But he is so opposed to the idea of authority that he cannot accept the possibility of the Church having authority. But following Gilson, he finds that the Church presents a universalism of truth and the rule of reason. The following quotation may indicate the further trend of Mr. Read's thinking and the road to a solution: "When we follow reason, then, in the medieval sense, we listen to the voice of God: we discover God's order, which is the Kingdom of Heaven. Otherwise there are only the subjective prejudices of individuals, and these prejudices inflated to the dimensions of nationalism, mysticism, megalomania and fascism."

As I have said, Mr. Read does not offer anything constructive. But he poses the problems for which he is anxiously searching a solution. We Catholics have that solution, but because we are either inarticulate or pussyfooting, the world does not know of it. Mr. Read is himself in a state of patient despair: "When we cast out the fear of death and renounce any desire to dominate the least of our fellow men, then we can live in peace and happiness. And that is the final aim: neither to believe, nor suffer, nor renounce; but to accept, to enjoy, to realize the anarchy of living in the midst of the order of living."

This is a book for Catholics to read in order that they may realize how sad is the plight of honest and sensitive men outside the Church, and how monstrous it would be if we failed to deliver our message now.

WILLIAM J. GRACE.

EDUCATION

Paideia, the Ideals of Greek Culture, by Werner Jaeger. New York: Oxford University Press. $3.75.

THERE is perhaps no people that has had as great an influence on the aesthetic sense and intellect of the West as the Greeks. The Jews contributed Christianity and Romans jurisprudence, but Europe would hardly have achieved its high civilization were it not heir to the literary and metaphysical legacy of Greece. Nor would Christian theology robbed of its Greek created language present so magnificent and harmonious a spectacle to the mind of man. Indeed those old thinkers of Hellas fashioned the soul of the West and are even yet the premier teachers of the world. In "Paideia" Werner Jaeger approaches Hellenism as a culture possessing the humanist educational ideal and describes the social life of the Greeks and pedagogic implications of their great writers on the basis of their creative works from the Homeric age to the fall of the Athenian empire. Homer, Hesiod, Tyrtaeus, Solon, Pinder and Thucydides are discussed as educators and the manner with which they affected the changing historic scene and varied aspects of Greek life and thought is an undertaking brilliantly accomplished by the learned author.

For the Greeks education was a function of the community, a process whereby its physical and spiritual qualities were maintained and passed on; education in short, was the means utilized by society in making its members in its own image and likeness. The revolutionary Greek discovery in education was their perception of man as subordinate to society and as needing to conform to a flawless whole. Education started from an imperishable ideal and not from the concrete, imperfect individual. Above and beyond the individual Greek stands the ideal Greek, the universal man, which all should deliberately set out to reproduce in their respective selves. Education means the moulding of character in accordance with the ideal. Regarding man as essentially a political animal, hellenism believed the statesman to be the greatest work of art, the embodiment of the highest ideal. An unsocial man, an individual outside and independent of the state, rather than living and educated in and for the state, was for the Greeks an unthinkable, an abhorrent thing.

Priceless as is the Greek inheritance for mankind, it is idle for the scholarly author of this book to confuse and identify the hellenic with the later Christian concept of man as an end in himself, possessing an immortal soul of trescendent value. Christianity was the first to preach the sacredness and dignity of all men, regardless of race, color or nationality. She it was who profoundly grasped as no other the complexity, the mysterious depths and startling spiritual capacities of man, the reality of his conscience, the dark corrosive power of sin and the moral universe wherein man's freewill is the principal factor, saving God. The Greeks had but slight apprehension of these terrible truths and in this clear, determinist world man was self-sufficient, needing no Divine assistance for the attainment of his end. The Christian view of man as a fallen, a wounded creature dependent upon God for the perfection of his being and the fulfillment of his destiny was seen obscurely if at all by the greater Greek thinkers. Moreover, instead of asking man to imitate an abstract, a ghostly ideal, Christianity exhorts him to be as perfect as his living Father who is in heaven and has for these twenty centuries helped him to be perfect by incorporating him in Christ's mystical body. In the Christian scheme of things it is not the statesman but the Saint who is the greatest human masterpiece of the Creator. But the Greek and Christian attitude toward man are not entirely irreconcilable. Saint Francis De Sales was a happy incarnation of the abiding ideals of the Hellenic and Christian cultures.

JOSEPH CALDERON.

JUVENILE

A Life of Our Lord for Children, by Marigold Hunt, New York: Sheed and Ward. $1.25.

"A LIFE OF OUR LORD FOR CHILDREN" by Marigold Hunt is reverent, earnest, direct. The care given to its arrangement is manifest throughout its 162 well-printed pages. The opening lines of the first chapter are, "What is the Church we belong to? Is it just like other people's churches, only the right one? No, it is much more than that. It is a kingdom, the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Kingdom of Christ the King. This book is about how the King came into this world, and about the Kingdom He founded while He was here." Following the brief introductory chapter, are accounts of the Jewish people and their expectation of a King, a Redeemer, descended from Judah, of the coming of that King, our Lord Jesus Christ: His birth, life, death, resurrection and ascension. Saint Luke's Gospel is adhered to, and Miss Hunt is happy in her quotations: the *Magnificat,* the *Benedictus,* the *Gloria in Excelsis Deo,* the *Nunc Dimittis,* the Beatitudes, and other passages from the Douai version. She is less fortunate in her paraphrases of the parables. Her accounts of our Lord's miracles are simple and clear, and her explanations of the institution of the Sacraments and the founding of the Papacy particularly good. It might have been wiser not to state positively that it was after Judas left the table that our Lord instituted the Holy Eucharist, for tradition is to the contrary.

The style of the book is that current in English juvenile writing, so colloquial that one seems to hear a Girl Guide recounting events. There is a strange avoidance of characterization, and perhaps the starkness of the narrative would have been relieved by some attention to setting, a few descriptions of the countryside that our Lord loved, the blue mountains of Moab, the purple plain of Esdraelon, the wind-swept fields in which the lilies grew. But these are little things at which to cavil, and, as the author suggests to her young audience, "You can start reading the Gospels any time you want to." If the book spurs children to read the New Testament frequently for themselves, they will have cause to be forever grateful to Miss Hunt.

DAISY H. MOSELEY.

Selected Poems, by Robert Frost. New York: Henry Holt and Company. $2.50.

TO SAY that this third edition of Robert Frost's selected verse contains work from "A Boy's Will," "North of Boston," "Mountain Interval," "New Hampshire" and "Westrunning Brook" is to sum up that it is one of the important books of the year and a book few libraries of contemporary poetry can afford to be without. The further one reads through Frost's pages the more one is impressed by the honesty and reverence of his emotion and the artistic integrity of his purposely simple style. His short, brooding dialogues and monologues in free blank verse—"The Hired Man" being one of the best and best known—have much in common with Edwin Arlington Robinson, as in an earlier generation they might have had much in common with Browning's dramatic soliloquies. But to go through the work of our recent New England and rural poets is to detect the thousand debts to Frost himself. He is a true poet of democracy—of friendliness with man and also, without sentimentality, with the frightened colt, the "bewildered butterfly" and the sleeping apple orchard. Perhaps it was the consciousness of this essential brotherhood which gave the poet his famous reply to the young radicals who once accused him of being a "counter-revolutionary": the quiet pun by which he replied that he preferred that to being a "bargain-counter revolutionary."

We who are Frost's contemporaries and fellow countrymen have reason to be proud of his solid poetic achievement in lyric and narrative verse, and of his unfailing sympathy with high things and humble.

KATHERINE BRÉGY.

ORATE FRATRES

("Pray Brethren")

¶ A Liturgical Review founded in response to the aim of Pope Pius X "to restore all things in Christ;" for in these days the world is "falling away from and forsaking God."

¶ In a straightforward manner it endeavors to counteract the ever-widening breach between Christ's teaching and world aims, by inculcating an active and intelligent participation in the Church's official worship.

¶ It seeks to unlock the meaning of and the means inherent in the liturgy of the Church so as to help Christians build their lives upon the foundation of the living Catholic religion.

¶ Published twelve times a year. Forty-eight pages each issue. In the United States, $2 per year; in Canada, $2.25; abroad, $2.50.

For the further interested, we have inexpensive Pamphlets and Booklets on the Mass, the Sacraments, the Divine Office, Gregorian Chant, the Social Question.
Study Club Outlines
Beuron and Maria Laach Pictures

Send for Descriptive Leaflets to

THE LITURGICAL PRESS
St. John's Abbey Collegeville, Minnesota

St. Hilda Guild, Inc.

Church Vestments, Altar Linen
Ecclesiastical Embroidery
Conferences with reference to the adornment of churches
Old Embroidery Transferred
147 EAST 47th ST. NEW YORK
ELdorado 5-1058

CHRISTMAS CARDS

Artistic and inspiring designs in the true Catholic Tradition which have been highly praised by the American and English Catholic Press.
Illustrated 1939 Catalogue free on application to the Designer & Publisher:
EDWARD R. WESTBROOK
St. Benet's, Westgate-on-Sea, Kent, England

Classified Advertising

PRINTING

General and Offset Printing—Vari-Typer Composition
JOSEPH T. MALONE
13 Water Street, Whitehall 3-0265, New York City

BOOKS ON IRELAND

A host of Irish Books has been recently published dealing with the literary and political questions of the day, poetry, fiction, etc... Won't you let us send our NEW Book Catalog? Irish Industries Depot, 780 Lexington Ave., New York.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EDUCATIONAL DIRECTORY—GIRLS' SCHOOLS

COLLEGE OF MOUNT ST. VINCENT
ON-HUDSON, NEW YORK, N. Y.
Resident and Day Students
Courses in Arts and Sciences
Teacher and Secretarial Training
Degrees A. B. and B. S.
Extensive campus bordering on Hudson River
ACADEMY MOUNT ST. VINCENT
Senior, Junior High School and Elementary Department
Write for Prospectus

COLLEGE OF SAINT TERESA
Winona, Minnesota
For the Higher Education of Catholic Women
Holds membership in the North Central Association of Colleges. Accredited by the Association of American Universities. Registered for Teacher's License by New York Board of Regents. Degrees of Bachelor of Arts, Bachelor of Science, Bachelor of Science in Nursing.
Picturesquely located on the upper Mississippi. One hundred acre campus. Served by the "Zephyr," "Hiawatha," "The 400." Only five hours ride from Chicago.

ROSARY COLLEGE
River Forest, Suburb of Chicago
A Catholic College for Women
Conducted by the Dominican Sisters of Sinsinawa, Wis.
Accredited by the Association of American Universities.
Offers Courses in Modern Gaelic.
Junior Year may be spent abroad in Fribourg, Switzerland.

COLLEGE MISERICORDIA
Dallas, Pennsylvania
Conducted by the Sisters of Mercy of the Union
For Information Address the Registrar

NURSING BROTHERS' NOVITIATE

THE BROTHERS OF MERCY
of St. John of God, who care for and nurse male patients both in hospitals and in private homes, are seeking candidates. Young men, between the ages of 17 to 37, who feel themselves called to this noble work, will please apply to the
Novice Master, Brothers of Mercy
49 Cottage Street Buffalo, N. Y.

LISTED on these pages are the messages of leading Catholic colleges and schools. They will be glad to send you their catalogs. In writing to or calling on schools represented here, please mention THE COMMONWEAL.

The Inner Forum

THE HOME and foreign missions of the Church throughout the world comprise an imposing aggregate. Exact figures are not available but there are well over 200,000 men and women laboring as Catholic missionaries in every sector of the globe. This figure includes foreign and native priests, brothers and nuns together with catechists, teachers and doctors. Up until about thirty years ago the United States itself was a missionary country, although we are now sending an increasing number of missionaries to foreign lands.

Heretofore it was the European countries, France and Germany primarily, that supplied most of the missioners and the material support for these outposts of Christendom. Belgium and Holland have an astounding record of missionary achievement too. But Europe has had increasing difficulty in supporting her missions in recent years. The post-war depression, inflation in Germany, increasing currency restrictions, deepening poverty due to rearmament, and now war have sorely restricted available funds.

Shrinkage in mission funds could scarcely come more inopportunely. The mission program of Pius XI with its emphasis on the development of a native clergy and its encouragement of indigenous art and culture is beginning to make great strides. The number going out from American religious orders into mission fields is much on the increase. Mission gains must be maintained.

Mission Sunday this year was October 22. Of the sums collected at American parish churches 51 percent goes to the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, 40 percent to the American Board of Catholic Missions and 9 percent for the Near East.

In appealing to his archdiocese Archbishop Stritch of Milwaukee said in part: "This year, therefore, Mission Sunday has a particular meaning for us. It calls us to shoulder a burden which our brothers of other lands heretofore have helped us carry. We shall see to it that the Church in mission lands is supported and that missionaries go forth to preach the Gospel. This will be our thank-offering for being spared the horrors of war and our prayer that we may never know them."

CONTRIBUTORS

Rev. H. A. REINHOLD is a German priest stationed in Seattle, Wash. His special interest is the Apostolate of the Sea.

Rev. Joseph THORNING is professor of sociology and social history at Mount St. Mary's College, Emmitsburg, Md. He writes on current political conditions in a number of periodicals and is the author of several books.

Catherine de HUECK is the foundress of "friendship houses" in Toronto, Ottawa and Hamilton in Canada and in Harlem, New York. She has recently returned from a trip through Danzig, Poland and the Balkans.

Most Rev. Aloisius MUENCH is Bishop of Fargo, N. D. He has recently collaborated in the preparation of "Manifesto on Rural Life," prepared for the National Catholic Rural Life Conference.

Jerome G. KERWIN is a member of the faculty of the University of Chicago.

David BURNHAM is a New York novelist and short story writer.

Mason WADE is a critic and writer whose work has appeared in a number of English and American periodicals.

William J. GRACE is a member of the faculty of Fordham University.

Joseph CALDERON is connected with THE COMMONWEAL.

Daisy H. MOSELEY is the author of "Sunshine and Saints" and contributes articles to the *Catholic World* and other magazines.

Katherine BRÉGY is a poet, critic and lecturer and author of "Poets and Pilgrims," "The Poet's Chantry" and "From Dante to Jeanne d'Arc."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED